

# CRIME

THE LAW  
ALWAYS WINS!

## SMASHERS

SEPT. No. 6 10¢

LN

GIMME  
THAT BAG,  
BABE!

THAT CROOK DOESN'T KNOW  
THAT SHE'S A "PLANT" AND THE  
BAG IS FULL OF WORTHLESS PAPER,  
HE WALKED RIGHT  
INTO OUR TRAP!



featuring:

**SALLY THE SLEUTH**  
**DAN TURNER**  
**GIRL FRIDAY**  
**RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



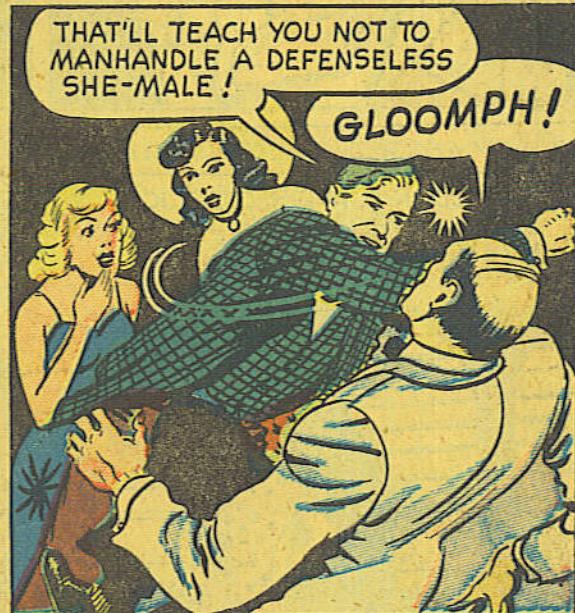
# DAN TURNER

## HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

"DIVE TO DEATH"

by Robert Leslie Bellem

LEAVING A NIGHT SPOT, DAN TURNER SEES GLORY WAYNE, FORMER OLYMPIC DIVING CHAMPION, WHO IS NOW A BIG STAR IN ACME PICTURES, SEEMINGLY STRUGGLING WITH AN ASSAILANT...



TO PROVE I'M NOT SORE, I'LL INVITE YOU TO THE ACME LOT TOMORROW. THIS IS MY GIRL FRIEND, SONYA SLOANE. I'LL EVEN LET YOU ESCORT HER THERE.

OKAY, CHUM. NO HARD FEELINGS. IT'S A DEAL.



NEXT DAY, TURNER TAKES SONYA THROUGH THE APEX MAIN GATES...

PETE MURPHY AND I ARE A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT GLORY'S DIVING TODAY. HER TIMING MAY BE OFF BECAUSE OF HER NERVES, SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SENDING HER THREATS AGAINST HER LIFE. BUT SHE HASN'T AN ENEMY IN THE GALLOPING SNAPSHOTS.



THEY REACH THE VAST OUTDOOR SWIMMING POOL ON THE ACME STUDIO LOT...

JUST LOOK HOW DIRECTOR JOE LOGAN MAKES HER COMFORTABLE. HE'S CRAZY ABOUT HER, LIKE EVERYBODY ON THE LOT.

YES - THAT'S TRUE.



-AND SEE HOW CAMERAMAN MIKE FRANKLIN BRINGS HER A COOL DRINK. SHE'S LIKE A SISTER TO HIM.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT -



EVEN PETE MURPHY IS MORE LIKE A FATHER TO HER THAN A MERE DIVING COACH.

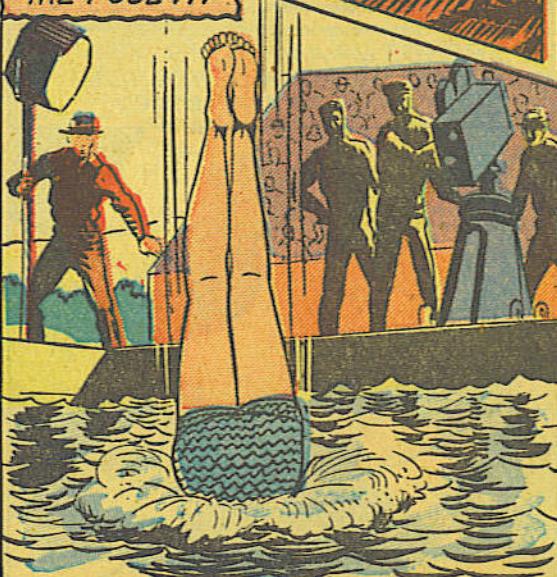
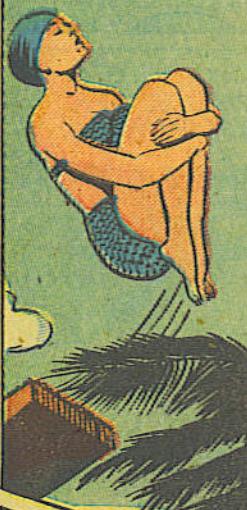
YES - BUT HE IS HER UNCLE - HER ONLY LIVING RELATIVE.



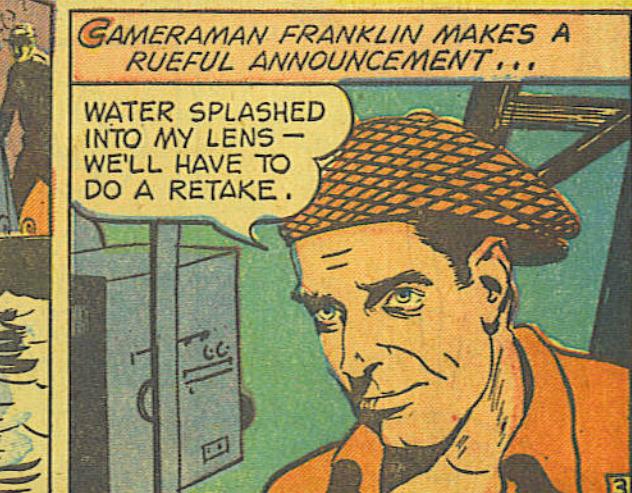
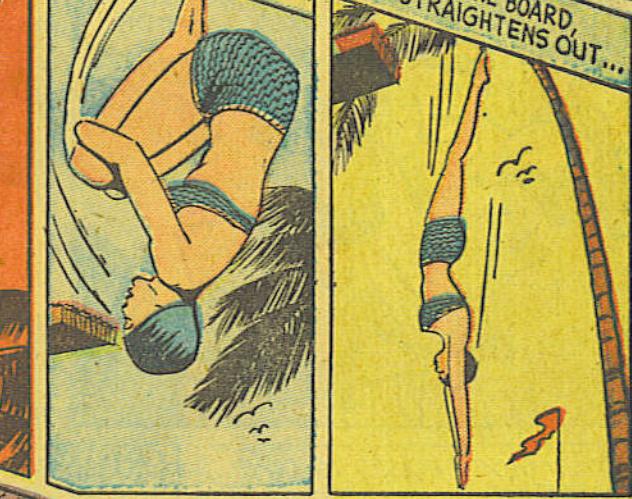
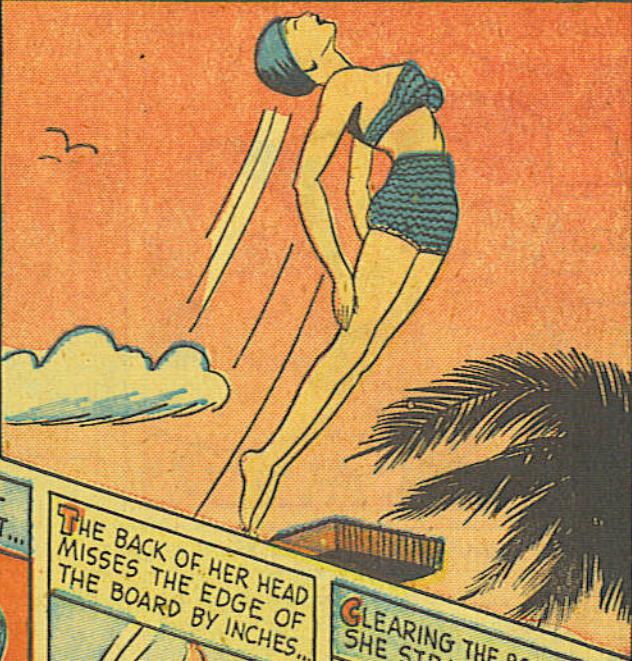
WHEN THE GRANDSTAND IS FILLED WITH EXTRAS, DIRECTOR LOGAN CALLS FOR A TAKE OF GLORY'S DIVE...



GLORY STARTS A BACKWARD FLIP...



GLORY WAYNE STARTS A "FULL GAYNOR"...



SAY - THAT DIVE IS DANGEROUS!

YES, I HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG THIS TIME.



GLORY AND LOGAN SPRING A SURPRISE...

FOLKS, GLORY AND I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU. TODAY WE TOOK THE BIG DIVE.

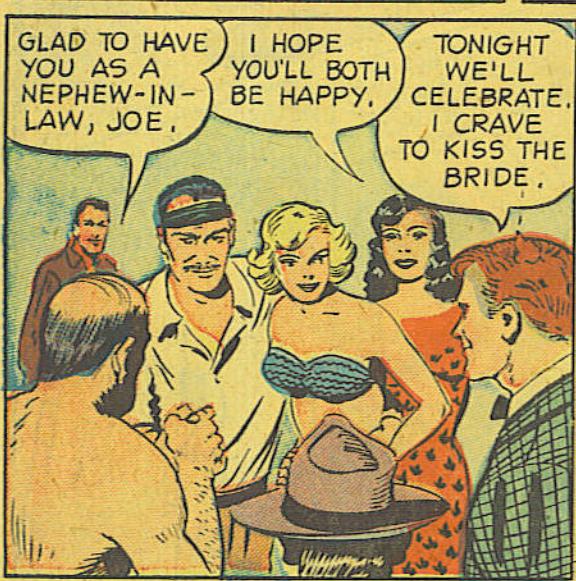
YES, JOE AND I WERE SECRETLY MARRIED EARLY THIS MORNING.



GLAD TO HAVE YOU AS A NEPHEW-IN-LAW, JOE.

I HOPE YOU'LL BOTH BE HAPPY.

TONIGHT WE'LL CELEBRATE. I CRAVE TO KISS THE BRIDE.



CONGRATS, KIDS. I ALREADY HEARD THE NEWS ON THE GRAPEVINE.

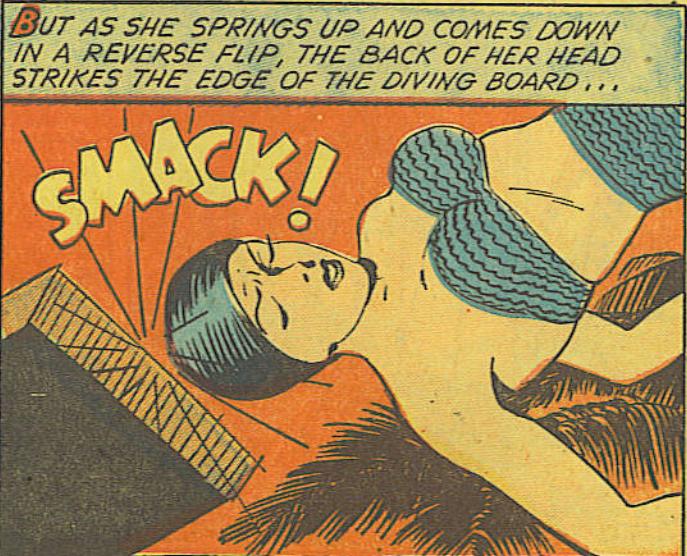
THANKS, MIKE. NOW WE'D BETTER GO BACK TO WORK.



AGAIN GLORY POISES TO DIVE...



BUT AS SHE SPRINGS UP AND COMES DOWN IN A REVERSE FLIP, THE BACK OF HER HEAD STRIKES THE EDGE OF THE DIVING BOARD...



GLORY HITS THE WATER LIMPLY...



PETE MURPHY PULLS A GRANDSTAND PLAY...



SONYA, WHO IS WEARING A BATHING SUIT BENEATH HER DRESS, RIPS OFF THE OUTER GARMENT...



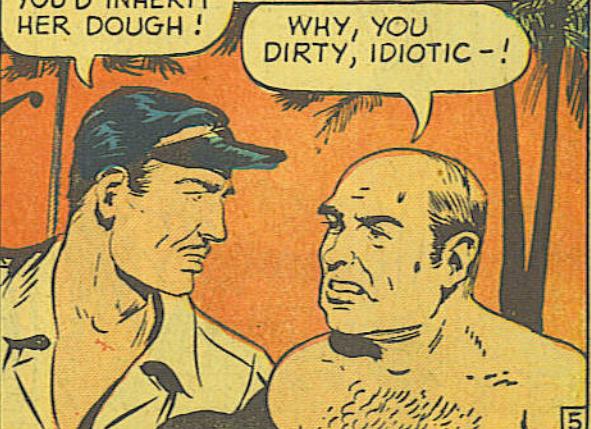
GAMERAMAN FRANKLIN ACCUSES...

MAYBE THE BOARD ONLY STUNNED HER AND YOU BROKE HER NECK UNDER WATER BECAUSE YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH JOE LOGAN AND SHE TOOK HIM AWAY FROM YOU!



LOGAN ALSO HAS HIS SAY...

OR MAYBE **YOU** KILLED HER! SHE WAS WEALTHY - AND AS HER UNCLE YOU'D INHERIT HER DOUGH!



TO BREAK UP THE HASSLE,  
TURNER TRIGGERS THREE  
SHOTS INTO THE WATER . . .

QUIET,  
ALL OF  
YOU!

BAM!

WHAT MAKES  
YOU FOLKS SO  
SURE IT WAS  
KILLERY  
AND NOT AN  
ACCIDENT?

EVERYBODY  
KNOWS GLORY  
HAD BEEN  
GETTING  
ANONYMOUS  
THREATS.

ACCIDENT, MY  
ADENOIDS! SHE  
WAS SUCH A  
GOOD DIVER, SHE  
NEVER MADE  
MISTAKES!

I'LL BUY THAT, BUT  
SOMEBODY MADE  
A MISTAKE.

MEANING  
WHAT?

TO BEGIN WITH, I  
DIDN'T NOTICE  
ANY WATER  
SPLASHING AT  
THIS CAMERA  
ON THE FIRST  
TAKE.

GET AWAY FROM  
THAT. DON'T YOU  
DARE TOUCH IT.  
YOU'RE NON-UNION!

NUTS. I CRAVE A RUSH PRINT OF  
THE FIRST TAKE. IF IT WASN'T  
WATER-SPLASHED, THE SECOND  
TAKE WAS UNNECESSARY.

I'M  
WARNING  
YOU -

YOU'RE SCARED I'LL PROVE YOU  
SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED FOR A  
SECOND TAKE.

WHY, YOU -ER -

OR MAYBE YOU'RE AFRAID I'LL SEE HOW THE DIVING BOARD SLID SIX INCHES OUTWARD DURING THE SECOND TAKE - WHEN YOU WORKED THIS PULL-WIRE GIMMICK.

CURSE YOU, SNOOP !

WHEN TURNER PULLS THE CONCEALED PIANO WIRE, THE HIGH DIVING BOARD EXTENDS OUTWARD SIX EXTRA INCHES...

THOSE EXTRA INCHES MADE GLORY MISCALCULATE THE SPACE IN HER SECOND DIVE. SHE BUSTED HER NECK AND WAS DEAD WHEN SHE HIT THE WATER.

YOU LOUSY SHAMUS ! HOW DID YOU GUESS ?

YOU WERE INFATUATED WITH GLORY BUT SHE MARRIED LOGAN. JEALOUSY DROVE YOU OFF YOUR CHUMP, SO YOU RIGGED A KILL CAPER.



YOU WON'T SEND ME TO THE GAS CHAMBER !

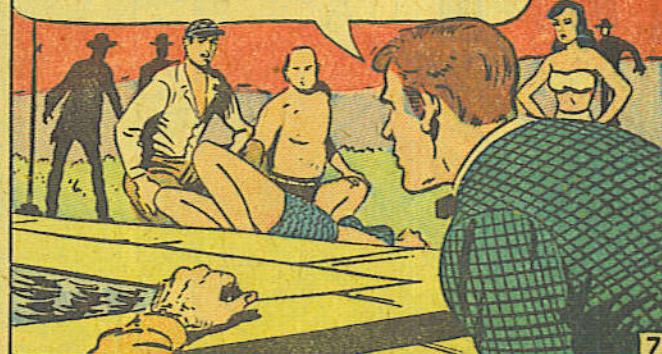


FRANKLIN MISSES HIS FOOTING, FALLS BACKWARD INTO THE POOL, HITS HIS SKULL ON THE EDGE...

WOW ! I BET THAT SPLIT HIS STEEPLE WIDE OPEN !



YEAH, FOLKS, HE'S CROAKED. THIS IS ONE TIME POETIC JUSTICE CAUGHT UP WITH A MURDERER. NOW SOMEBODY PHONE DAVE DONALDSON OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD - AND I THINK I'LL GO ON A VACATION AT PALM SPRINGS TO SOOTHE MY NERVES !

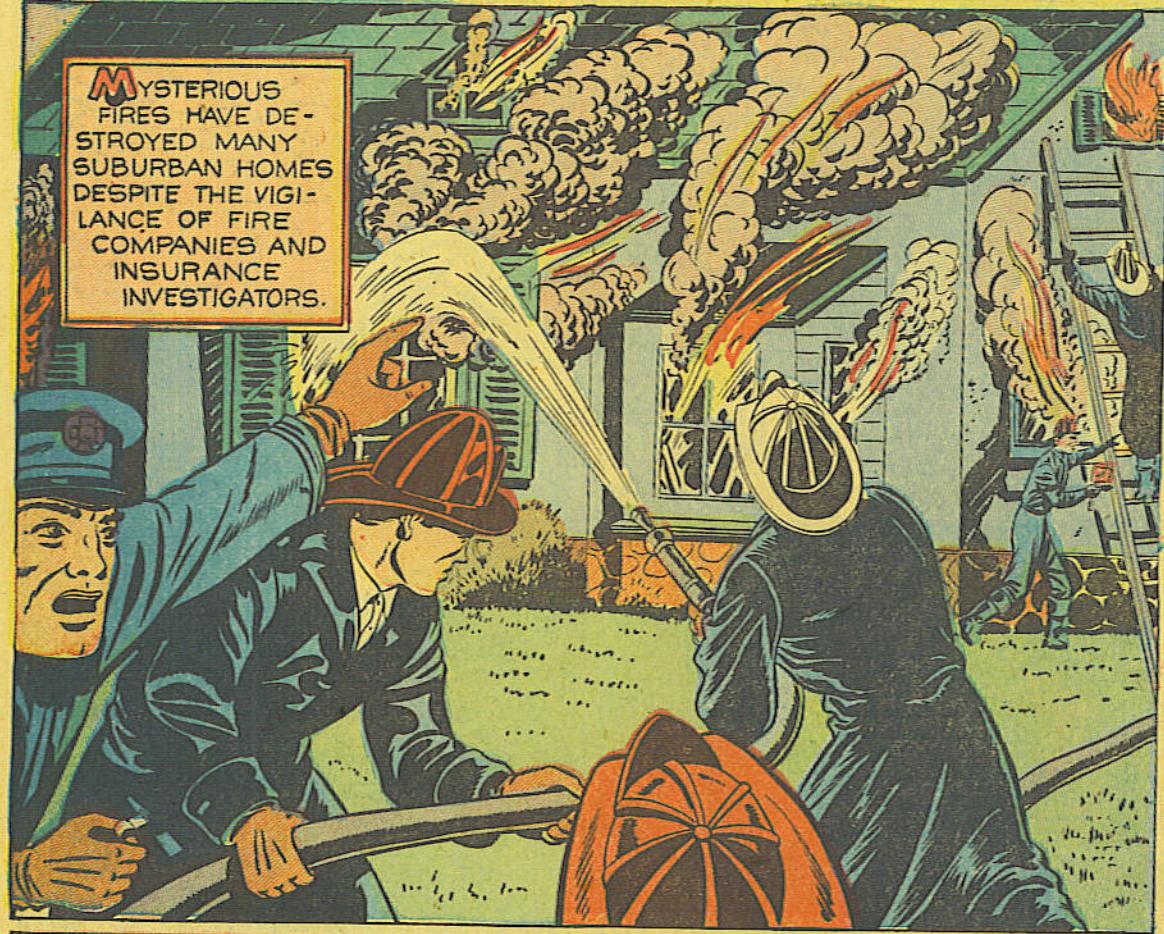


WATCH FOR DAN TURNER'S NEW CASE NEXT ISSUE...

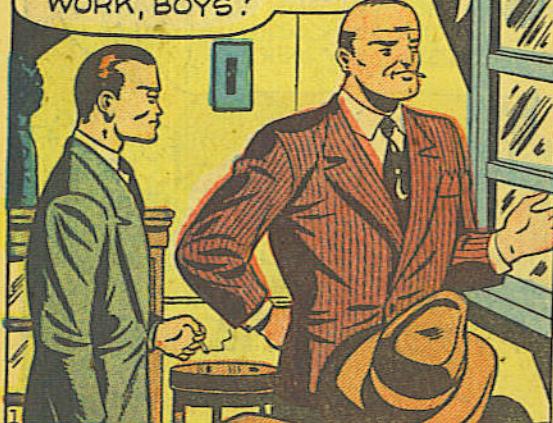
# "SALLY the SLEUTH"

## • PERIL IN THE FLAMES •

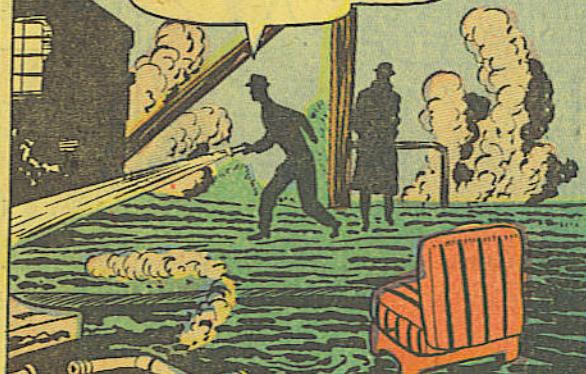
**M**YSTERIOUS FIRES HAVE DESTROYED MANY SUBURBAN HOMES DESPITE THE VIGILANCE OF FIRE COMPANIES AND INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS.



IN A NEARBY HOUSE, THREE MEN WATCH  
\$25,000 INSURANCE ON THAT DUMP.  
HALF FOR US, AND HALF FOR THE  
OWNER, A NICE NIGHT'S  
WORK, BOYS!



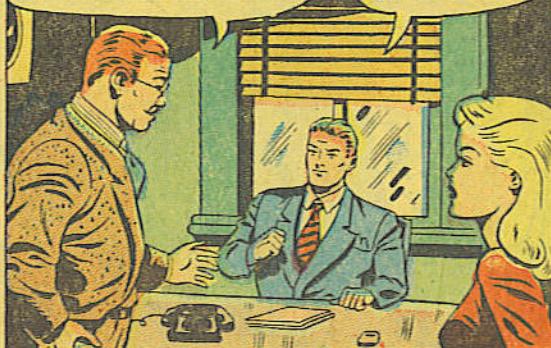
INSURANCE INVESTIGATORS LATER GO  
THROUGH THE HOUSE ...  
THIS PLACE WAS SET ON FIRE  
PURPOSELY, ALL RIGHT, BUT  
HOW ARE WE GOING TO  
PROVE IT?



LATER, AN INSURANCE EXECUTIVE TALKS TO THE CHIEF AND SALLY...

THESE FIRE-BUGS SEEM TO KNOW ALL OF OUR OWN INSPECTORS. PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US!

I THINK I KNOW HOW TO GET THE EVIDENCE ON THAT ARSON GANG!



THE CHIEF HAS A SOUND EQUIPMENT COMPANY WIRE EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE TO A DICTOGRAPH IN THE CELLAR...

EVERY WORD SPOKEN IN THIS HOUSE WILL BE RECORDED! NOW TO BAIT THE TRAP!



NEXT DAY...

THIS PLACE WILL MAKE A PERFECT LURE TO TRAP THE ARSON GANG!



AT THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS...

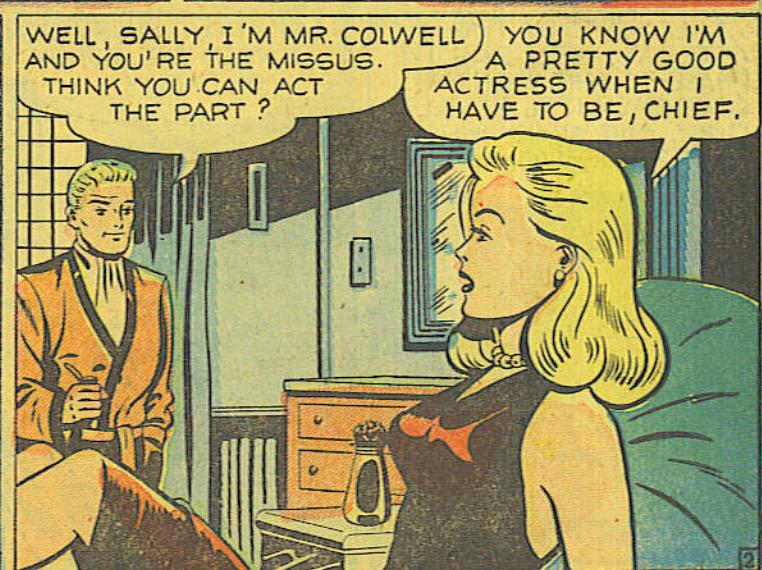
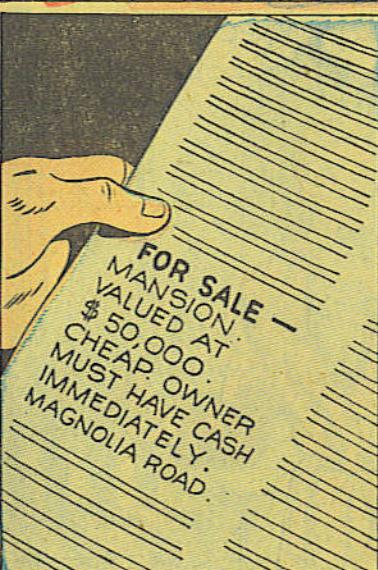
HERE IS ANOTHER PROSPECT, BOYS! READ THIS AD!

GOOD! IT'S TIME TO START ANOTHER JOB!



WELL, SALLY, I'M MR. COLWELL AND YOU'RE THE MISSUS. THINK YOU CAN ACT THE PART?

YOU KNOW I'M A PRETTY GOOD ACTRESS WHEN I HAVE TO BE, CHIEF.



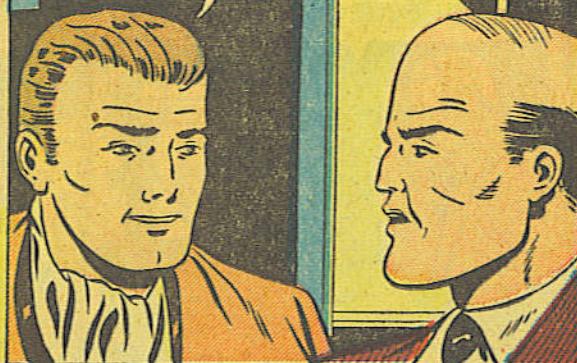
SOON THEY HAVE VISITORS...

COME IN. I AM THE OWNER, AND THIS IS MY WIFE!

PLEASED TO MEETCHA!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, GENTLEMEN. I'VE HAD REVERSES IN THE STOCK MARKET AND I'LL SELL FOR ANY REASONABLE OFFER!

WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



HOW MUCH FIRE INSURANCE YOU GOT ON THE PLACE?

\$40,000, BUT WHAT...

SUPPOSE THIS PLACE BURNED TO THE GROUND AND YOU COLLECTED THE DOUGH?

OH, I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!

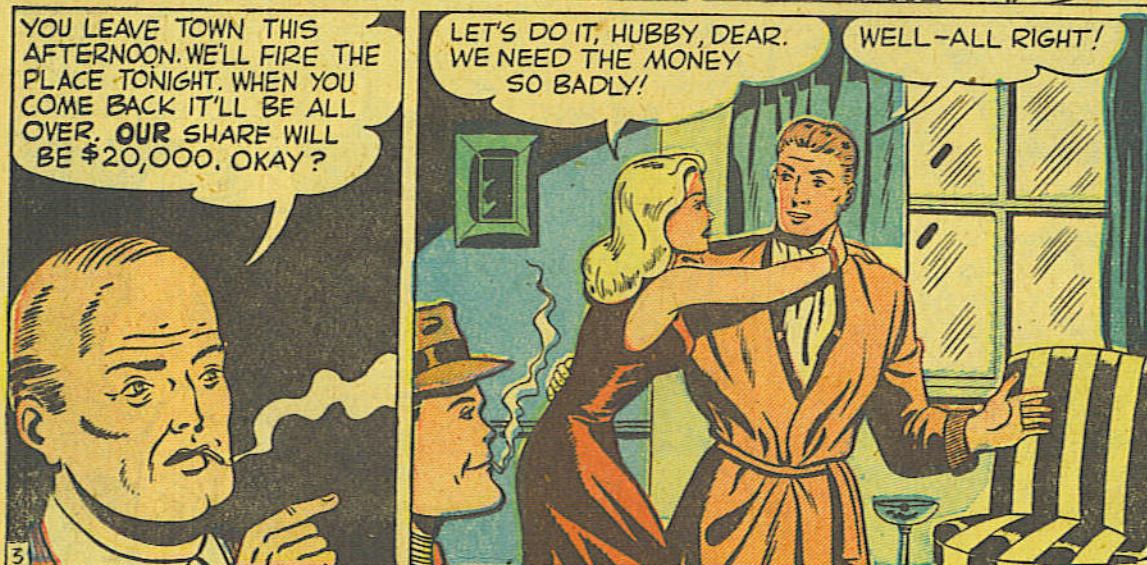
YOU CAN'T GET MUCH MONEY SELLING IN A HURRY. THIS WAY, IT'S A CINCH!



YOU LEAVE TOWN THIS AFTERNOON. WE'LL FIRE THE PLACE TONIGHT. WHEN YOU COME BACK IT'LL BE ALL OVER. OUR SHARE WILL BE \$20,000. OKAY?

LET'S DO IT, HUBBY, DEAR. WE NEED THE MONEY SO BADLY!

WELL—ALL RIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, BEFORE THE ARSONISTS ARRIVE...

THERE'S PLENTY OF EVIDENCE ON THE DICTOGRAPH MACHINE. NOW TO CATCH THEM RED-HANDED AT THE ACTUAL JOB.

THE GANG OF CRIMINALS ENTER...

DIS JOB IS GONNA BE A SOFT SNAP, DAT GUY AN' HIS WIFE WUZ A COUPLA SAPS, EH BENNY?







THE CHIEF FINALLY BREAKS THROUGH THE DOOR...

SAY, IT LOOKS BAD OUT HERE!

**CRASH!**



THEY FIND THE STAIRS A RAGING INFERNO!...

WE CAN'T GET DOWN HERE!



THEY TRY THE ATTIC...

THAT LITTLE WINDOW IS OUR ONLY CHANCE!

BOOST ME UP, AND I'LL OPEN IT.



SALLY GETS OUT, AND THE CHIEF PILES UP OLD FURNITURE TO MAKE HIS OWN ESCAPE...



THE CHIEF AND SALLY CRAWL UPON THE SHADED BOUGHS OF A LARGE OVERHANGING TREE...





# RAY HALE

NEWS ACE

in "The MYSTERIOUS TIP-OFF!"

by NEWT ALFRED

**A**FTER WITNESSING A CRIMINAL TRIAL, WHICH HE DID TO EXTEND HIS KNOWLEDGE, HALE, A BRILLIANT YOUNG NEWSPAPERMAN, LEAVES THE COUNTY COURT HOUSE...

GOSH, IT'S GOOD TO GET OUT OF THAT STUFFY COURTROOM! WEATHER'S NICE... I THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK UPTOWN...

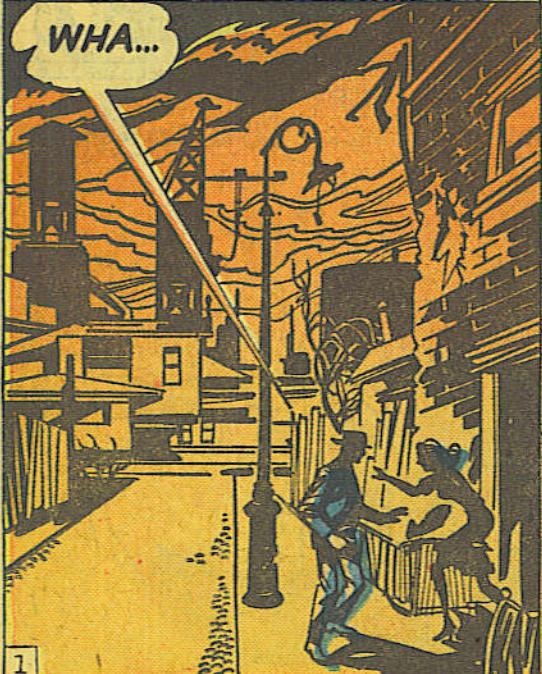


**H**ALE'S ROUTE LEADS THROUGH A POOR SECTION AS NIGHT FALLS...

DEPRESSING NEIGHBORHOOD AROUND HERE... LOTS OF CRIME IN A PLACE LIKE THIS...



GOING THROUGH A DESERTED STREET, HALE IS STARTLED BY A GIRL WHO STAGGERS FROM A GLOOMY DOORWAY...



**H**E STEPS BACK TO AVOID HER...

POOR DAME... SHE'S PROBABLY DRUNK...



**S**HE COLLAPSES, MURMURING A WORD...

HEY! HOLD  
ON THERE!

T-TRAP...

**A**S SHE FALLS TO THE PAVEMENT,  
HALE HAS A HORRIBLE SURPRISE...

JUMPING JEEPERS!  
SHE'S BEEN STABBED  
IN THE BACK. SHE'S  
DEAD!

**HALE RUNS TO THE  
DOORWAY OF THE HOUSE...**

HER KILLER MUST  
BE SOMEWHERE  
IN HERE...

...HE EMERGES INTO  
THE BACK YARD...

NOT A SOUL AROUND.  
AND NOT A SOUND...

...THEN HE GOES BACK  
TO THE STREET.

I'D BETTER GET BACK  
OUT THERE AND REPORT  
THIS TO THE POLICE...

**BUT WHEN HE REACHES THE STREET  
IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, THE BODY IS GONE!**

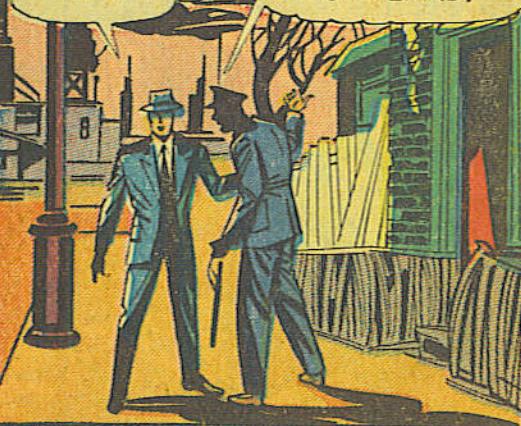
W-WHAT...? SHE'S  
DISAPPEARED!

**HALE SEES THE WELCOME SIGHT OF  
A COP ROUNDING THE CORNER...**

HEY...  
OFFICER!

BUT I TELL YOU...  
THE GIRL WAS  
STABBED...HER  
BODY WAS RIGHT  
HERE...

YE MUST BE OFF  
YER NUT, YOUNG  
FELLA. THIS DUMP  
HAS BEEN VACANT  
FOR YEARS!



HALE, PUZZLED, HAS A TALK WITH  
SERGEANT POOLE, OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD...

...WELL, THAT'S THE  
STORY, SERGEANT. IF  
A CRIME HAS BEEN  
COMMITTED, YOU  
OUGHT TO KNOW.

WELL, I TELL  
YOU, HALE,  
I KNOW THAT  
HOUSE AT 313  
OAK STREET VERY  
WELL. LET ME  
SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING...

THE SERGEANT GOES TO A  
NEARBY FILE CABINET...

TAKE A LOOK AT  
THIS PHOTOGRAPH.



THAT'S THE GIRL!  
THE ONE I  
SAW TONIGHT!!

THIS IS A PICTURE OF  
ROSE BLAINE. SHE  
DIED OF A STAB WOUND  
IN FRONT OF THAT  
HOUSE IN 1933...  
EIGHTEEN  
YEARS AGO!!



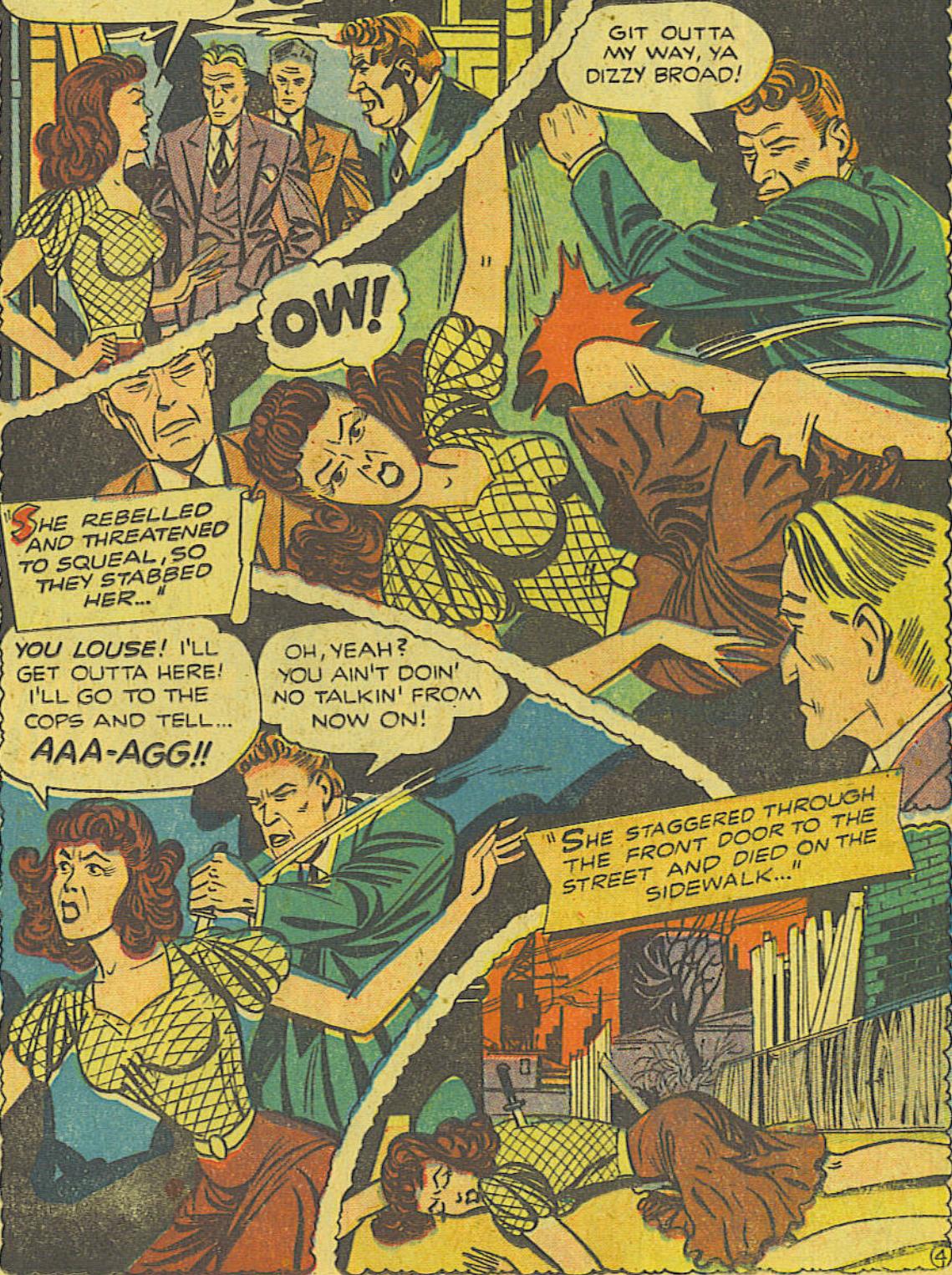
"SHE WAS THE MOLL OF BUD HANLON, A BANK ROBBER. THE GANG HID OUT IN THE CELLAR OF THAT HOUSE AFTER HOLDING UP THE MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY..."

HOW LONG ARE WE GOING TO STAY IN THIS RATHOLE?  
I'M SICK OF IT!

AW, SHUT UP!

"THEY TREATED THE GIRL PRETTY ROUGHLY, AND SHE FINALLY GOT FED UP WITH IT ALL..."

GIT OUTTA MY WAY, YA DIZZY BROAD!



"NOT LONG AFTER THAT THE THREE ROBBERS WERE CAUGHT, BUT NO SIGN OF THE MONEY..."



THE TWO MINOR HOODLUMS DIED IN PRISON, BUT HANLON GOT OUT ON PAROLE ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO. THEY COULDN'T PIN THE GIRL'S KILLING ON HIM!



HALE, MYSTIFIED BY THE PECULIAR EVENTS, RETURNS TO THE HOUSE...

I WON'T REST UNTIL I LOOK THIS WHOLE PLACE OVER...



I WANT TO TAKE A SQUINT AT THE CELLAR WHERE THAT GANG HID OUT...



SURELY LOOKS ABANDONED. LOTS OF DUST AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...



DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE WALL BRICKS HAVE BEEN TAMPERED WITH! YET THEY MUST HAVE CACHED THE MONEY SOMEWHERE...

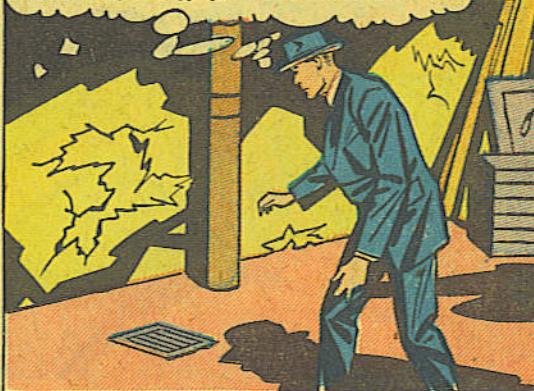


THIS CEMENT FLOOR LOOKS PRETTY SOLID...



HALE'S GAZE RESTS ON A SMALL IRON GRATING IN THE FLOOR...

THAT TRAP IS TO LET OUT WATER THAT MIGHT ACCUMULATE...  
TRAP... TRAP!! THAT'S IT!



HALE QUICKLY REMOVES THE GRATING...

THERE'S A SPACE AT THE SIDE DOWN HERE... SOMETHING IN IT... FEELS LIKE A METAL BOX!



HE USES THE TRAP COVER TO BREAK THE CEMENT AROUND THE HOLE...

COULD IT BE? IT MUST BE!  
THAT'S WHAT THE GIRL WANTED  
ME TO KNOW!



HALE HAULS UP AN IRON BOX...

BOY! LOOKS  
LIKE I'LL HAVE  
A SIZZLING  
SCOOP FOR  
TOMORROW'S  
EDITION!



BANK NOTES! THE LOOT FROM THE MERCANTILE STICK-UP JOB!

SUDDENLY, A SINISTER VOICE BEHIND HIM BREAKS THE STILLNESS...

STAY STILL, YA JOIK... AN' PUT  
YA HANDS UP!



I DUNNO WHO YA ARE, BUT YA GONNA PUT THAT BOX RIGHT DOWN!

OH, YEAH?



MY GUESS IS YOU'RE BUD HANLON. CAME BACK TO DIG UP THE STICK-UP MONEY...

NEVER MIND THAT! YOU'RE NOT LEAVING HERE TO TELL ANYBODY YOU SAW ME!



HALE TENSES AND HURLS THE BOX STRAIGHT AT THE EX-CON...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MUGG!

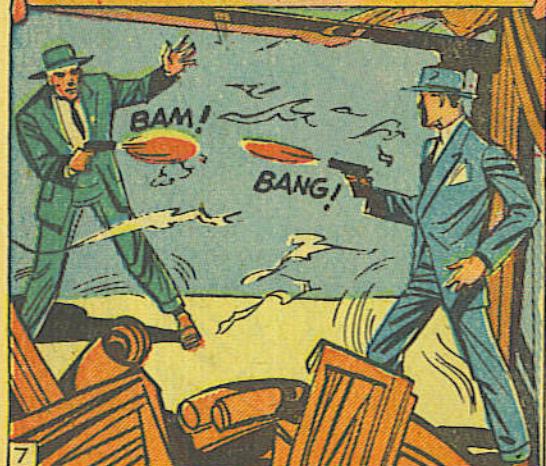
LUCKY THING I'VE GOT A PERMIT TO CARRY A GUN... COMES IN HANDY AT TIMES LIKE THESE!

BAM!



HALE SWIFTLY DRAWS HIS GUN AND BULLETS SPIT VIOLENTLY ACROSS THE DUSTY OLD CELLAR...

HALE'S SPEED AND MARKSMANSHIP SAVE HIS LIFE AS HIS BULLET FINDS ITS MARK IN THE CRIMINAL'S BODY...



THE COP ON THE BEAT, HEARING THE SHOTS, COMES TEARING IN...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HELLO, CLANCY! YOU'RE LATE AGAIN.



WADDYA MEAN, "LATE"? AT LEAST THIS TIME YOU'VE GOT A REAL BODY, SO I'M PINCHIN' YOU FOR MURDER, SMART GUY!

TAKE IT EASY, BUDDY. I'M RAY HALE, REPORTER ON THE "CLARION". CALL SERGEANT POOLE HERE AND WE'LL CLEAR THIS THING UP RIGHT AWAY.

SOON, THE SERGEANT ARRIVES...

HELLO, HALE, — HEY...WHAT HAPPENED? THIS IS HANLON, THE GUY I TOLD YOU ABOUT!

YES... AND HERE'S THE DOUGH FROM THE BANK ROBBERY!



LATER, IN SERGEANT POOLE'S OFFICE...

THAT MONEY WAS HIDDEN IN THE DRAIN ALL THESE YEARS, SERGEANT.

IT HAS BEEN SENT BACK TO THE BANK. YOU'RE IN FOR A SIZEABLE REWARD, HALE.



ONE THING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT, HALE. YOU SAID YOU SAW THAT GIRL...THE SAME GIRL WHO WAS KILLED THERE EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO...

I DON'T KNOW EITHER, SERGEANT, BUT SHE DID TIP ME OFF TO THE HIDING PLACE OF THE MONEY!



TELL ME HONESTLY, DO YOU THINK IT WAS HER GHOST?

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE! AFTER ALL, THERE ARE MANY THINGS AROUND US THAT WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND!



READ HALE'S NEW ADVENTURE - NEXT ISSUE.

# GAIL FORD - GIRL FRIDAY

**P**OLICE INSPECTOR MADSON, EVER ON THE ALERT TO COMBAT THE FORCES OF EVIL IN A GREAT CITY, ONE MORNING CALLS IN HIS SMART SECRETARY TO DISCUSS A COMPLAINT THAT HAS COME TO HIS OFFICE. SHE LISTENS ATTENTIVELY...

in "BULLET OF TREACHERY"

GAIL, WE HAVE A REPORT THAT JEROME BURKE, THE BOOK PUBLISHER, HAS BEEN RECEIVING THREATENING LETTERS. I'D LIKE YOU TO LOOK THE SITUATION OVER. HE HAS HIS OFFICE IN AN OLD STUDIO BUILDING DOWNTOWN. SUPPOSE YOU POSE AS AN INTERVIEWER FROM A MAGAZINE AND HAVE A TALK WITH HIM. MAC WILL WAIT OUTSIDE FOR YOU.

OKAY, BOSS. THAT SOUNDS LIKE AN EASY JOB.



GAIL FINDS NO TROUBLE IN GETTING THE PUBLISHER TO TALK OF HIS PROBLEM...

THIS LATEST PUBLICATION OF MINE REVEALS THE HORRIBLE CONDITIONS BEHIND THE "IRON CURTAIN" IN EASTERN EUROPE. IT'S ABOUT AN AMERICAN GIRL WHO IS ON A MERCY MISSION AND HOW SHE BARELY ESCAPES INTO THE AMERICAN ZONE WITH HER LIFE. CERTAIN LEFTISTS WILL SQUAWK THEIR HEADS OFF, BUT I'M

GOING TO PUBLISH IT JUST THE SAME.

THAT'S FINE. WE NEED MORE BOOKS LIKE THAT.



**A** THIN, SATURNINE MAN ENTERS...

THIS IS SAM TURKIN, MY TOP EDITOR. HE'S PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCHES ON THIS SCRIPT OF THE BOOK. SAM, MEET MISS LANE OF THE "LITERARY NEWS"

HOW DO YOU DO, MR. TURKIN? I THINK YOU HAVE A SWELL BOOK.

HELLO.



BURKE SHOWS GAIL A NOTE...

LOOK AT THIS THREAT I RECEIVED IN THE MAIL ONLY THIS MORNING. BUT THEY CAN'T SCARE ME, COME HELL OR HIGH WATER, NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME FROM PUBLISHING THIS BOOK!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MR. BURKE!



WHEN BURKE IS NOT LOOKING,  
GAIL PALMS THE THREAT NOTE -

I THINK I'LL LATCH  
ONTO THIS NOTE --



GAIL GOES TO THE NEAREST STREET CORNER, WHERE SHE MEETS DETECTIVE SERGEANT MCQUADE, ACCORDING TO PLAN...

MAC, IT'S OBVIOUS WHY BURKE'S BEEN GETTING THREAT NOTES. HE'S GOT A NEW BOOK - OH!  
-I LEFT MY PURSE IN HIS OFFICE!

RUN BACK AND GET IT. I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU.



UPON HER RETURN, GAIL FINDS THE RECEPTION ROOM DESERTED . . .

NOBODY HERE - I GUESS EVERYBODY'S OUT TO LUNCH. I'LL GO IN AND GET MY BAG.



**BUT-**

AS GAIL OPENS THE DOOR TO THE PUBLISHER'S PRIVATE OFFICE, A GHASTLY SIGHT CONFRONTS HER STARTLED EYES!



**T**WO OF THE EMPLOYEES COME IN...

HEY - WHAT'S THIS? MR. BURKE! HE'S BEEN MURDERED! HEY, JOE, CALL THE COPS QUICK! AND I'LL GRAB THIS DAME. SHE PROBABLY DID IT.

DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT RUNNING AWAY - AND I DIDN'T KILL HIM.



**S**HORTLY, THE COPS, INCLUDING MAC, ARE AT THE SCENE OF THE MURDER...

THIS GUY IS DEAD AS PICKLED EELS. HE WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

WHAT HAPPENED, GAIL?

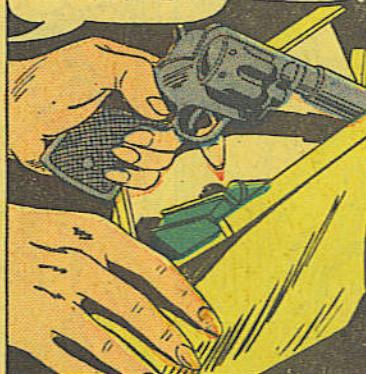


AS YOU KNOW, I CAME BACK FOR MY BAG. BUT WHEN I GOT HERE, HE WAS ON THE FLOOR.



**G**AIL OPENS HER BAG AND FINDS...

**M**AC! - LOOK - A GUN! AND YOU KNOW I NEVER CARRY ANY. THIS ONE HAS A SILENCER.



**M**AC BREAKS THE GUN...

ONE SHOT FIRED. MUST BE THE ONE THAT KILLED THIS BIRD.

BUT HOW DID IT GET IN MY BAG?



**T**URKIN, THE EDITOR, RUSHES IN...

WHAT'S THE MATTER? MR. BURKE - HE'S DEAD! NOW THERE'LL BE NO BOOK ... AND ALL THE WORK I DID ON IT!!



**T**HEN THEY DISCOVER THAT THE SCRIPT OF THE BOOK IS MISSING...

BY THE WAY, WHERE'S THE MANUSCRIPT OF THAT NEW BOOK?

MR. BURKE HAD IT WHEN WE LEFT HIM.



**BUT A THOROUGH SEARCH DISCLOSES NO SIGN OF THE MISSING MANUSCRIPT...**

I CAN'T FIND IT.

IT ISN'T HERE, EITHER.

THAT GIRL SHOT HIM! SEARCH HER FOR THE GUN!

WE ALREADY HAVE THE GUN. AFTER HE LEFT, THE KILLER CAME IN AND SHOT BURKE, THEN PLANTED THE GUN IN MY PURSE TO THROW SUSPICION ON ME.



SEE THIS NOTE? IT'S THE ONE BURKE RECEIVED, WARNING HIM NOT TO PUBLISH HIS BOOK.

SO WHAT?

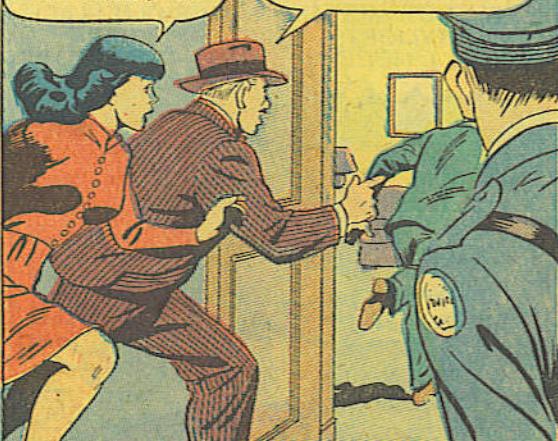
THE KILLER REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO TYPE THE NOTE ON THE SAME TYPEWRITER AS HE HAD USED FOR THE SCRIPT THAT HE HAD JUST DELIVERED TO BURKE, SO HE STOLE THE SCRIPT AND SCRAMMED.



**SUDDENLY, THE EDITOR MAKES A BREAK...**

THERE GOES THE KILLER!

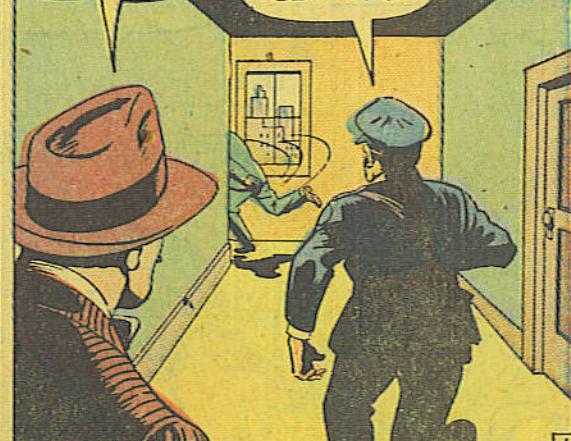
STOP HIM!



**TURKIN DASHES THROUGH THE CORRIDORS...**

HEY, YOU -

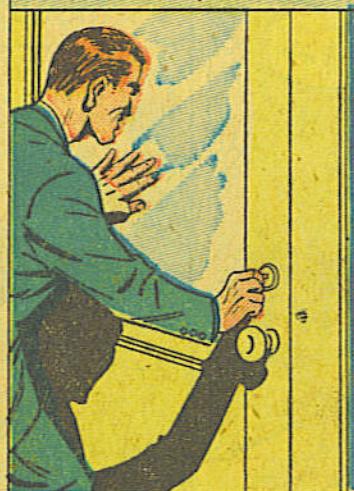
HE WON'T GET FAR.



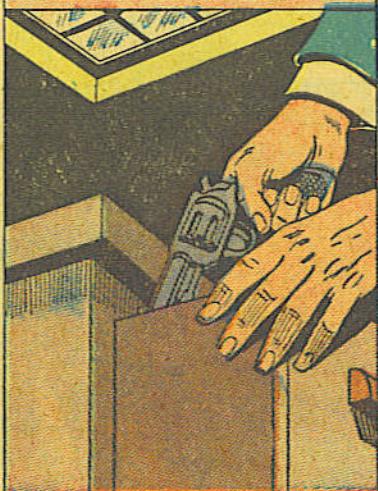
TURKIN DUCKS INTO ONE  
OF THE OFFICES ...



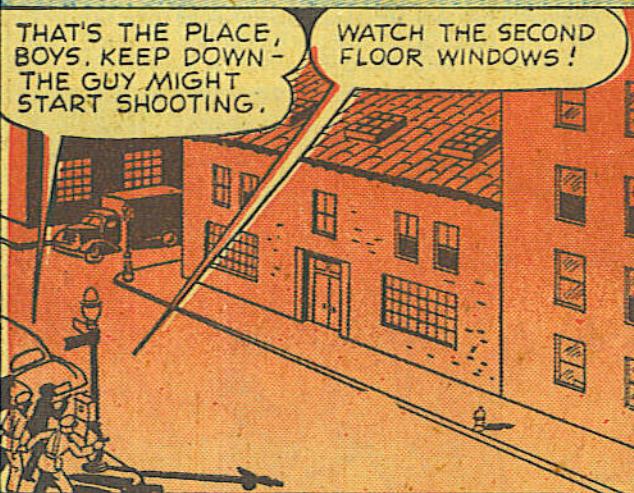
ONCE INSIDE, HE LOCKS  
THE DOOR, AND ...



SNATCHES A REVOLVER  
FROM HIS DESK DRAWER...



MEANWHILE, IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING,  
POLICE REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE ...



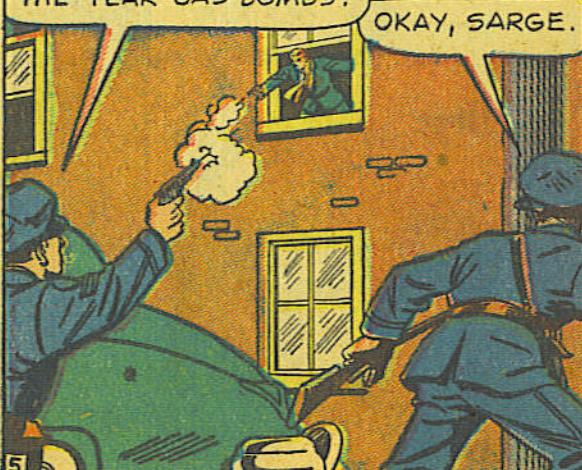
TURKIN DOES OPEN FIRE ...

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME, YOU  
DIRTY CAPITALISTS!



KEEP UNDER COVER, AND NAIL THAT  
KILLER IN THE WINDOW, DENNIS, GET  
THE TEAR GAS BOMBS.

OKAY, SARGE.



BUT, BACK OF THE OLD BUILDING,  
GAIL HAS OTHER IDEAS ...

I'D LIKE TO TAKE THAT BIRD ALIVE,  
IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, THIS OLD PLACE  
HAS SKYLIGHTS. THIS BRICK IS JUST  
WHAT I NEED.



GAIL CLIMBS UP THE LADDER OF THE REAR FIRE-ESCAPE . . .



SHE CLAMBERS UPON THE ROOF . . .



SHE THEN CREEPS TO THE OLD STUDIO WINDOW IN THE ROOF . . .



THE WELL主观 AIMED BRICK DOES THE TRICK . . .



THEN THE POLICE SWARM IN . . .

HERE'S THE MANUSCRIPT. HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DESTROY IT. I NOTICED THE TYPE WHEN BURKE SHOWED US THE NOTE AND THE SCRIPT IN HIS OFFICE TODAY. COMPARE THE TWO, LOOK AT THAT "E".



THIS PROVES THEY WERE TYPED ON THE SAME MACHINE. TURKIN IS THE KILLER, ALL RIGHT.

Mary carefully picked up the rubble of desolation and went to the house where she had been. On the way, she noticed a man walking away, going toward the park at the end of the street. Mary stopped and trembled as she

THIS GUY IS ONE OF THE CROWD OF SUBVERSIVES WHO INFEST SO MANY BUSINESSES. HE WORKED HERE BUT HE HAD NO INTENTION OF LETTING THIS BOOK GET PUBLISHED.

WELL, HE'LL BE ONE LESS WHEN THE HOT SEAT GETS HIM.



We mean business. Either you projected book or you another. This is your disregard it, you will . . . + your obstinacy.

WELL, DEAR READERS, WE HOPE YOU'VE LIKED THIS ISSUE OF "CRIME SMASHERS. DROP US A LINE AND TELL US YOUR COMMENTS, CRITICISMS OR SUGGESTIONS . . .